Hello, Goodbye
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[fic] Hello, Goodbye.

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Title: Hello, Goodbye.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: G.
Warnings: None.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel, Castiel, Dean, Sam, & Bobby.
Word Count: 2,153 words.
Summary: There's something strange about the two kids Bobby's taken in, and Dean means to find out everything he can about them.

Note: This is the tenth of my Christmas gift fics, and this one is a specific present to **origamicage**, who wanted Gabriel-is-Bobby's-son AU but this isn't that at all. Instead it's Bobby's let a pair of weird preteens stay under his roof after extensive testing and questioning while the pre-series teen!Winchesters happen to be visiting. Timeframe for this is set pre-series, in other words.

Many thanks to **_bluebells** for looking this over for me. :)

There was something strange about the two kids Bobby had taken in, Dean thought. They had strange eyes, even if Castiel offered them an awkward smile and Gabriel was all bright smiles and laughter.

Dean didn't trust either one of them, but Sam was fast becoming friends with Castiel (they both liked to read, and Bobby had an amazing library, so Dean often found his brother nose-deep in a book next to Castiel, occasionally asking and answering questions with him) so Dean had to keep an eye on Castiel, to make sure that he didn't try anything with Sam.

Bobby had assured them that these kids were fine - tested in every way he could think of - before he had let them stay. Bobby had assured John of this before John had even let Dean go near them, let alone Sam. Even so Dean wasn't sure. They were odd, and it was odd that Bobby had agreed to let them stay with him.

Besides, both Gabriel and Castiel had weird almost-yellow eyes, and that wasn't normal, not at all.

Dean sidled up to Gabriel and dipped his hand into Gabriel's ever-present bag of M&Ms, stealing a handful before Gabriel swatted him.

"Hands off!" Gabriel snapped, jerking his bag away. "You're a jerk, Dean Winchester."

"And you're a freak," Dean said, munching on his M&Ms.

"Watch it," Gabriel said. "I don't like you already, so don't push it."

Dean eyed Gabriel suspiciously. This was a typical conversation between them: threats that might have been serious, name-calling and plenty of suspicion on both sides.

"Tell me again when your dad gets back?" Gabriel said, mocking. He'd seen from the first that Dean hated being left behind, especially when John was out hunting, and he'd taken to needling him at every opportunity. Dean clenched his fists and said nothing, turning back to face the couch where Sam and Castiel were reading.

Oh, he wanted to go and interrupt them, get Sam and head out back to run laps or *something* more interesting than sitting around Bobby's house, but last time he'd tried that Sam had refused to go, and Dean still didn't dare leave Sam alone with the other two kids in the house.

Especially if Gabriel stuck around - Dean did *not* like Gabriel.

"Hey, bro!" Gabriel called, tossing a chocolate into his mouth. "Wanna give up on the research for today and head out back? It doesn't look like you're making much progress."

"If you are concerned about my progress, then you may come and help, Gabriel." Castiel didn't even look up, eyes flicking across the pages. He didn't look up as Gabriel gave a huffy sigh, and he didn't look up as Gabriel came over and poked the book. "Let me be."

"Is that *French*?" Gabriel leaned over the book, bumping heads with Castiel. "Oh come on, that one's useless!" He tugged at the book, frowning when Castiel didn't let go.

"What are you researching, anyways?" Dean finally asked. It had been a topic he had wanted to avoid, this mysterious researching they were trying, as the last four times he had asked he'd been given obviously made up answers.

"It's none of your business," Gabriel snapped, still tugging at the book.
"Come *on,* Castiel!"

"Perhaps we should answer them," Castiel said, looking up at Gabriel. "Sam has been very helpful already."

"No. Absolutely not." Gabriel shook his head, eyes dark. "We talked about this already."

"Gabriel." Castiel said, and was about to go on when Sam spoke up.

"It's something about a binding spell," Sam looked up for a moment, then returned to his reading.

That brought both Gabriel and Castiel to a halt. Castiel lowered his book, looking at Sam, and Gabriel froze, letting Castiel's book go.

"You told him." Gabriel said, after a long moment. "Didn't you."

"No, I - "

"I can read, stupid," Sam finally put his book down. "And you were asking for a lot of books on that topic."

"I asked for specific authors," Castiel said slowly. "And titles."

"I can translate book titles." Sam said, and yeah, he was smug. It passed quickly before being replaced by open curiosity: "Why d'you need to study bindings, anyways?"

That got him two answers:

"We - " Castiel started at the same time Gabriel said, "You - " they both broke off, and Castiel looked at Gabriel. "Go ahead," he said.

"Fine. Yes, we're studying bindings. No, you don't get to know anything more about it. And," Gabriel turned to give Dean a hard look. "Nothing coming out of this will hurt anyone. Except maybe us two, but that's our business."

"Does Bobby know?" Dean asked, tone flat.

"Think he'd let us in here if he didn't?"

Sam looked between Gabriel and Castiel, sitting up. "What are you looking to bind?"

"Unbind," Castiel corrected, and Gabriel sighed loudly before grabbing Castiel's wrist.

"That's enough. We need to talk. *Alone.*"

"Yes, Gabriel," Castiel said, and followed Gabriel out, leaving his book open on the couch.

Leaving two openly curious and suspicious Winchesters alone with the book on the couch open to where he had been reading. It was less than thirty seconds before Sam pulled it over, scanning the pages.

The book was the *Légendes Infernales, relations et pactes des hôtes de l'enfer avec l'espèce humaine* by Collin de Plancy, although properly in English the title was *Infernal legends, tales and pacts of the hosts of Hell with the mankind.*

After Sam translated this (with the aid of a dictionary Bobby kept in one stack of books on the table) it didn't take them long to come to the obvious conclusion:

"Demons," Dean summarized. "They're looking to unbind a *demon*." All at once he was worried and grimly satisfied - his gut instincts had been right.

"We've got to tell Bobby," Sam said, and Dean nodded his agreement.

"Great, Castiel. Wonderful." Gabriel glared at the wall. "They're going to misinterpret that in spades, and they're going to pry a lot more than they already have, and we *don't want that*, remember?"

Castiel was silent as he stood, lips white with tension.

"We should get going, then," Gabriel said. "Before they start interrogating us."

"Where can we go?" Castiel asked. "Our usual method of transportation has been bound. We can not leave until I am able to undo that spell."

"Right. I know." Gabriel flipped another M&M into his mouth, frustrated. "Can't get home, can't get back to our timelines, can't even fly. Best situation in the world, Castiel, we have years of entertainment ahead of us." He was sarcastic and bitter, and these were emotions that Castiel understood well.

"Perhaps we should trust them," Castiel suggested quietly, "and ask for their help."

"Yeah, no."

"Gabriel."

Gabriel turned to face Castiel, head shaking. "No. They don't trust us, and I don't trust them. Not with this."

"We may not have a choice."

Gabriel exhaled and looked away, running a hand through his hair. "...yeah. I know."

To hold off the inevitable, Castiel and Gabriel returned to the library and this time Gabriel set into the reading, pointing out passages to Castiel and correcting marks on a piece of paper he'd scrounged up. Intricate symbols covered the paper, as well as pencil and pen marks. (Castiel had found a pen, and had added to the notes as they worked.)

There wasn't time to waste, not when Bobby might interrupt them at any moment with the Winchesters in tow, and so when Bobby *did* finally come in, Gabriel and Castiel were almost bumping foreheads as they discussed their piece of paper in low tones.

"...if we negate that, this starts working, and that unravels all of this over here...oh, hello Bobby." Gabriel flashed the hunter a grin and put his pencil down.

"I was under the impression that you two were interested in identifying a kind of demon," Bobby said, and watched as Gabriel's grin wobbled for a moment, but just for a short moment -

"They're trying to undo the binding on a demon," Dean said, glaring. "A powerful demon." He crossed his arms and looked at Bobby. "And they were lying to you about it."

There was a brief moment of silence, and then Gabriel curled over, laughing.

"He thinks - Castiel, did you hear that?" Gabriel broke off into laughter again before abruptly sobering. "That's not what we're looking up, kiddo. Nice guess, but you're off the mark."

In that moment Gabriel sounded older than he looked, and even as Dean protested being called 'kiddo', Bobby looked at them, thoughtful. He had let the two stay under his roof after more than a few tense conversations and meetings, and had given them use of his library only after several supervised sessions with Castiel.

None of this meant that Bobby trusted the two, or believed for a second that they were normal. And so this prompted his next question.

"I think it's time you two told me exactly what you are."

The room fell silent. Both Gabriel and Castiel tensed, and Dean's hand went right for his pocket, where he carried a knife.

"We're exactly who we say we are," Gabriel answered. "I'm Gabriel. He's Castiel. We're brothers."

"I didn't ask for your names again. I asked about exactly *what* you are, 'cause you're not human." Bobby let his tone gentle a bit, and added, "I'm not looking to kick you out."

The unspoken 'unless you're a danger to us' hung in the room, and for a long moment there was a tense silence.

Castiel opened his mouth, but Gabriel lifted a hand and he closed his mouth.

"Castiel, get that paper. We're leaving."

Castiel dipped his head and picked up the scrap of paper that they had been writing on, and folded it carefully. "Yes, Gabriel - let go, Dean." Dean had darted up and grabbed the paper.

"No," Dean said. "Not without some answers."

"We're leaving," Gabriel repeated, putting a hand over Dean's, gripping it tightly - too tightly for his size. Dean winced, but didn't let go until his bones creaked audibly. "We've got enough to undo it, Castiel, so stop giving me that look and *let's go.*"

Dean made another grab for the paper, but this time Castiel caught his wrist, and tucked the paper into his pocket calmly. Castiel didn't let go and met Dean's eyes with his own. "We will meet again, Dean Winchester." When he let go, Dean cradled his sore wrist and didn't say anything as Castiel followed Gabriel when he began to walk out.

They paused at the doorway where Bobby blocked their path, and Gabriel gave Bobby a firm look. Bobby met his stare, but after a moment he looked away and stepped aside.

Less than a minute later they were gone.

Sam passed over the bandages over, giving Dean's bruised wrist a look as he did so. "Castiel did that? Really?"

"...he's not human, Sam," Dean said, wrapping up his wrist. "And Gabriel...I've never seen anybody stare down Bobby like that."

"Oh." Sam said, and, "Did they find what they were looking for? In the books?"

Dean shrugged, picking up the ice pack. "I don't know. I hope not."

Castiel stepped back from the lines in the dirt and looked at Gabriel. "It will work," He said, and Gabriel nodded as he examined the lines.

"Looks like it...here goes nothing." And Gabriel raised his hand and snapped his fingers, and then there was *light* bursting from the lines, the roar of thunder, and yet more light bursting from within Gabriel and Castiel as the spellwork unraveled.

Long minutes later - almost an hour later when the light faded, Gabriel and Castiel no longer resembled preteens, and were instead adults. Their eyes were no longer pale yellow, and most importantly, unseen by human eyes, the spells binding their Grace were gone.

Gabriel grinned at Castiel and snapped up a chocolate bar, testing his powers out once more. "It worked!"

"So it did," Castiel murmured, examining his hands.

"One future, coming up!" Gabriel raised his hands to snap again, but Castiel raised a hand.

"They deserve our thanks."

Gabriel snorted, and shook his head. "They *deserve* to forget that we were ever there."

"Gabriel."

"...fine. They'll get a thank you note. And a mask on their memories. Quiz Dean about it when you get back and he'll remember, but not before then. Will that do?"

"Yes," Castiel said quietly, and, "Thank you."

Gabriel nodded, then grinned. "Back to future we go!" He snapped his fingers, and they vanished, filling the clearing once more with light.

An envelope marked 'To Bobby, Sam & Dean' showed up on Bobby's table two days later, containing two feathers, one large and golden, the other smaller and silver. There was one short note included:

Thanks - G & C